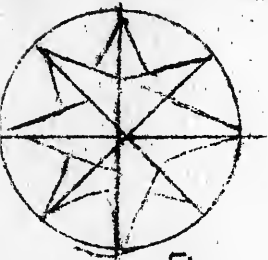
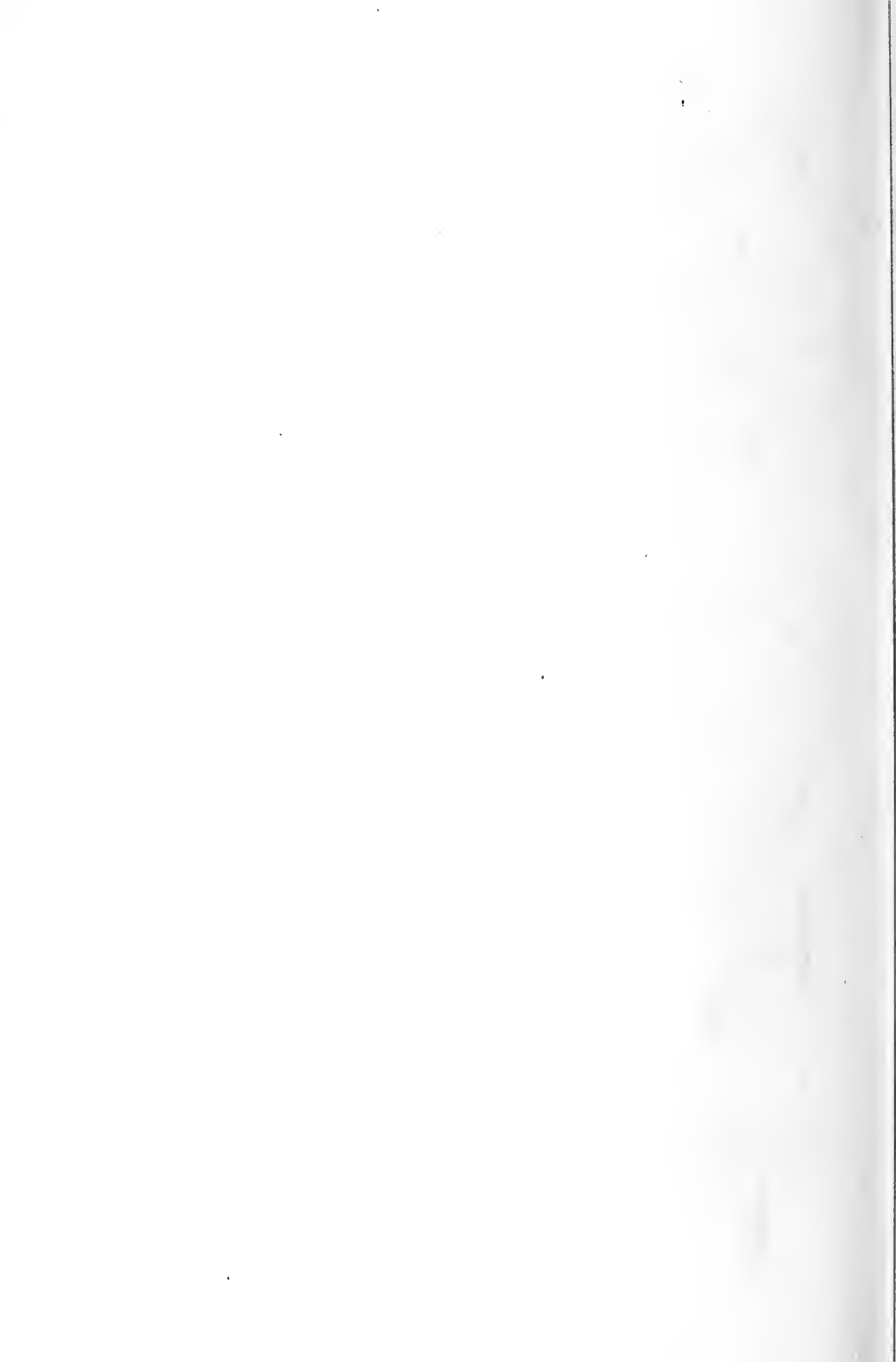


7. ✓
NORTHERN



FEKZCJ

20¢
Volume 1
Number 1



Well friends, this is it. For ten years we have played with the idea of a square dance magazine. Once, we went so far as to get an estimate on the cost of printing from a local publishing firm. The late war intervened, and the idea was shelved, which doubtless preserved our sanity for a short time.

Of late there has been no end of square dance magazines. Of sectional journals there is an ever increasing supply; we hereby add one more to the list.

We are mainly concerned with the northeastern section of the country: New England and the nearby middle Atlantic states. Within this area are thousands of colorful dancers, folk singers and folklorists. Their abilities would compare favorably with the best.

We believe that folk dance, folk song and folk lore are closely allied subjects. We intend to offer plenty of each division with every issue.

We have no axes to grind; no burning mission to perform; no flaming to reform. Nor will we knowingly pull anybody's chestnuts from the fire. We believe in the old newspaper adage: "report 'em, don't reform 'em."

If the venture is to be successful we must have help and plenty of it. Articles on all forms of folk dance are needed--now. Also on folk songs and lore. We would be especially receptive toward articles on and about square dance clubs.

We would like every reader to add to our personal columns. Most of all we want your comments about the magazine--good and bad. If the letters are interesting enough we'll print them, both kinds; the sweet as well as the sour. If you have a gripe and feel that you must get it off your chest, write us about it. Who knows, it might be printed?

We have no illusions of ever acquiring a huge national distribution. There is plenty to do reporting events within our own range to keep us busy for a long time to come.

Sincerely, The Editors

KITCHEN JUNKET

The apple orchard was in red bud, and the black stems of the sugar plums covered with white exotic bloom that night when Chris and I walked along the path that was a short cut to Uncle Wallace's.

"It's a nice night for the junket," said Chris, shifting the basket of sandwiches from one hand to the other. "Hope we'll be early so you can play that new fiddle tune you learned up north. Ste. Anne's Reel, I mean. Uncle Wallace will want to learn it."

"You make him dance Morning Star with you," I answered, "and I'll play it then, so everybody can hear what a fine tune it is."

We got to the old farmhouse just in time to help carry the kitchen stove out into the shed. "Won't need no fire in the kitchen tonight," explained Uncle Wallace. "Fireplace in the front room, and you folks dancing, will make it warm enough. B'sides, I remember a junket that Uncle Sam Loveland had once. Part way through, the stovepipe fell down and landed right in a ten gallon crock of hard cider. Time we'd got the pipe back in place, the whole house was full of smoke and the cider full of soot. Had to drink the women folk's lemonade, and there warn't near enough to go round. Ever since then I've always said that stoves and junkets don't go together."

Back in the kitchen we found most of the expected guests had arrived. Mostly cousins, near or far removed, or close friends and 'adopted' members of the family. That is one good thing about kitchen junkets; everybody tries to get there on time. Come eight o'clock, say, and there's hardly anyone there. At quarter past eight the party is under way, and the dancing started.

"Where's my fiddlin' chair, Mabel? Got to get these young-ones goin'."

A wood bottomed chair, with no back, was brought in from the buttery and placed in the corner by the wood box. Eight year old Norma handed Uncle Wallace his fiddle, saying as she did so that she had tuned it up for him and it all ready to play.

"Waal, I swear, so't is," said the old man, after three or four experimental scrapes of the bow had proved it so. "Tell yer ma to pay more attention to your music, and less to yer hair do."

"All right, folks. Lady Walpole's Reel is the figure. Take your partners for Lady Walpole's Reel."

Here was the first jolly scramble for partners, followed by good natured jockeying for positions in the sets. Three sets of us in all. One in the kitchen under the critical eye of Uncle Wallace. One in the big living room, and another in the north dining room.

"Balance and swing below."

The loud, clear voice stopped the banter. The kitchen junket had started. The first balance steps and the first few swings were of the best dancing school form. But wait until the next dance. Then the fancy steps and light footed shenanigans would begin.

"Down the center with your own
Same way back when you get below
Cast off and ladies' chain
Prom-m-menade her half way
Right and left right to your place."

The music goes faster and faster. The swings more furious. The balancing more spirited and complicated. Seven minutes go by. Most of the men have thrown their outer garments onto the chairs lining the walls. Eight minutes. All are getting warmed up, and the last of the misery from aching joints. Nine minutes. "What's the matter, Wallace? Can't you play any faster?" The old man's started and can't run down.

"Now swing your partners everyone
Swing 'em again boys, just for fun
Promenade all. You know and I don't care
Open the windows and let in some air."

"How'd you folks get along in the settin' room, Charles?"

"Fine. Say, that was the best reel I ever danced. What was you folks laughing at out here in the kitchen?"

"Laughing at Clint. Swung Ethelyn off her feet, and she's so heavy she most floored him."

"Here comes Jim Davis with his banjo. He's always one figure late. Hurry up Jim, and get in tune, so's we can start a plain quadrille."

"Huh. Y'ain't got to wait for me. All tuned up ain't I Wallace?"

"'T'was a couple hours ago, before you had to go home and milk. How's that two year old comin' Jim?"

"Good's they ever do. Dam'f I ever saw a real good one. Hates to let her milk down. Don't like to bother with a heifer 'n her first calf. How is your 'A' Wallace?"

That old five string banjo was Jim's pride and joy. The case was battered and held together with a couple of skating straps. The instrument itself, though, was as spic and clean as if it had just come out of a band box. The inlaid mother of pearl, marking the positions, danced and sparkled in the soft yellow lights of the kerosene lamps that lined the mantle over the kitchen fireplace. The ebony finger board was a dark silken sheen, and the silver nuts used to tighten the head, shone as though burnished with silver cream polish. As well they had. A good workman is known by his tools, and this was the tool of an artist. The first few chords proved it.

"By George! Yer right, Jim. 'T ain't down a red hair, now is it?"

"Square up, folks. Plain quadrille. Four couples in a set."

"What's it goin't'be,Wallace,Honest John?"

"Hell,no,Harry.Can't do that yet.Ain't but just begun to dance."

"Sure,I know it Wallace.It's a fine figure though."

"So't is,and so is this one.Goin' to call a Caledonian Quadrille."

Tucking the fiddle under his chin he swept the bow across the strings and began the first strain of Bonnie Dundee."Honor your partners. Honor your corners." Then:

"First four half promanade

Half right and left to place

First four forward,cross right hands around

Left hands back

Balance and turn partners

Same two ladies chain."

Then the side couples repeated the same figure.Never a smile on anyone's face;only by looking into their eyes could you tell whether or not they were having a good time.The fiddle and banjo kept to a strict marching tempo and the couples moved through the figures with an ease and grace of a lifetime of practice.The second figure followed quickly to the tune of Blue Bells of Scotland.

Quick applause greeted the ending of this figure,as the dancers drew deep breaths in anticipation of the "breakdown"figure to follow.

"All the ladies balance to the right.Swing.

All the gents balance to the left.Swing."

And so on,all around the set.Forgotten were all the niceties taught us by village dancing masters.Who could be sedate and pickle-faced when fiddle and banjo were racing through the Reel of Stumpie?Pigeon wings.Cooper step.High Betty Martin.Brazing step.All the plain and fancy jig steps.An excited yip of rapture from the dining room told every one that Larry was up to some complicated didoes.

"Everybody do it again.Y'on yer own." The whole swift figure repeated without benefit of

caller. Music going faster and faster. Swirling skirts and stamping feet. The tune had changed to Miss MacLeod's Reel. This was dancing. This was what we came for.

"Come on Chris. Get off yer heels and on 't yer toes. What's the matter, can't you keep up?"

All too soon the dance ended with Uncle Wallace shouting: "Promenade the girl beside yer. I'm goin' to stop and have some cider."

The old rhyme drew as much laughter as it had the first time he had used it, long years ago, at some other now forgotten junket.

"Good idea, Wallace. I need some too."

A tin dipper, filled with the golden brew of Russet apples was passed around to all the men. Each drank from the communal cup and having drank, handed it on to his nearest neighbor. The man who emptied the dipper, filled it, and started it on its way again.

"Drink 'er up men," said Uncle Wallace, "there ain't goin' t' be but two more rounds you know".

"Aw heck, Wallace. How we goin' t' dance on that?"

"Better 'n yer can on a dozen, Bert. That's the rule here you know."

Other kitchen junkets, elsewhere, might be the excuse to empty a barrel or so, but not here. Everyone there knew it and the protesting voices were all a part of the game. If you couldn't feel happy on three good drinks of Russet apple cider, most a year old, then something was the matter with you. After all, there was nothing to stop you from taking a deep breath and taking all you could at a single drink. Once the dipper was lowered, though, you must pass it on to some one else. There was no limit to the amount of lemonade for the girls, who always made a great to do over someone spiking it with gin. Such an event might have happened, somewhere, but not under the watchful eye of Aunt Mabel, who could smell hard liquor farther than she could see it.

The old couple were not strait-laced teetotal ers. Far from it. But as Aunt Mabel used to say:

"Dancin' and hard liquor don't go together. I like vinegar on baked beans, but I don't want any on strawberry short cake. Everything in its place, and there's a place for everything."

This first stop for refreshments lasted but a short time. It sort of gave us a chance to get our second wind. Followed in quick succession, three of the quieter contrys. Quieter in that there was a minimum of swings. Pat'nella, danced to Finnegan's Wake. We "ballanced the four corners" in this one, turning a quarter way round to our own right before each balance. Arms hanging loosely at our sides, each of us men tried to outdo the others in intricate balance steps. The Wild Goose Chase to the tune by the same name. And finally, French Four, to Old Zip Coon.

It was a time honored ritual between Uncle Wallace and Jim Davis, that Uncle was to dance this with mother, while Jim played the tune by himself. This was what Jim had been waiting for all evening. It gave him a chance to show his prowess with the strings, and he never failed to give a masterly performance. The old farmhouse echoed to the tune as Jim's big hands plucked the strings unerringly. The applause and yells of approval as the dance ended was as soothing to the old bachelor as Balm of Gilead to a sore muscle. The lean wind burned face beamed with delight, and ever ready to share his pleasure with another, he called out happily: "Come on now, Al. It's your turn now. Play something so 't Wallace can do the next one, too. He's so darned old and stiff that he more'n warmed up."

"What do you mean? Old and stiff am I? Bet I do the Morning Star and never miss a step. If you'll play something real lively Al, I'll do balancin' with Chris that you ain't seen the like of since we fired on Fort Sumter."

to be continued

SQUARE DANCING IN THE MONADNOCK REGION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Beginning with our earliest settlers, square dancing has been a favorite form of recreation in the Monadnock Region. It is known as a hot-bed of square dancing. There are thirty eight towns in the region, and in over half of them there are regularly scheduled square dances, summer and winter, spring and fall. Not a bad average; in fact it is an excellent average.

What are the reasons for this? Why is it that square dancers all over the country think enviously of this region? There are several reasons and to arrive at any kind of an understanding of the phenomena one must go back to our pioneer days and start at the beginning.

Our early settlers were largely of English, Scotch or Irish origin. Now the latter two races are known the world over for their love of dancing. Few people realize however, that at the time of the settlement of America the English were known as the "dancing English". Dancing in England probably reached its zenith at the time of Queen Elizabeth, who commissioned John Playford to collect all the dances of the country. He did such an excellent job that he was knighted.

People who like to dance take that love with them wherever they go. It is little to be wondered at then, that our ancestors brought to this new land a liking for dancing. It would have been strange if they had not done so.

We were formerly more self sufficient than we are today. The first settlers had to amuse themselves. They did so more often than not by dancing, for every community had several fiddlers, and occasionally a piper who could play the old tunes.

The turn of the century following the Revolutionary War saw three big holidays every

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year. They were: Muster Day, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day. None of these holidays was considered complete unless it ended with a dance in the town hall. These dances began late in the afternoon, and continued all night, with time out for supper about eleven thirty. There were few couple dances during this period, and the quadrille as known today had yet to be originated. So the dances were almost all country dances, or contra dances as they soon came to be called.

We retain this fondness for contras even today, and I believe it is because of our racial heritage. So many of our early families were of Irish or Scottish descent; and both races are extremely clannish, and cling to old traditional customs. Because of this stubborn holding on to old ways, the region is unique, in that it is the only section of the country where one may find this form of dancing done with an ease and naturalness of manner. Folk dance teachers from all over the United States are now coming to the region to learn our contra dances, so that they may teach them to their own groups.

Most towns had a dancing school at least one night a week. At these schools, or "dance academies", the young people were taught not only the figures of the dances, but also manners and decorum as well. Many of the dancing masters would have a circuit and each night of the week would find them in a different town. The classes usually lasted about two hours and were followed by general dancing for anyone who cared to attend. They brought a fiddler along with them who furnished the music for the class; and depended on local talent to complete an orchestra for the general dancing.

During our early years everybody danced, even the minister, who found his place in the community via an "Ordination Ball", rather than by any such dour celebrations as are held today. As a minister, he was judged less by his

sermons than by his ability to hold his Old Medford and handle a difficult figure.

Throughout the region, tavern vied with tavern for the dancers' favor; some going so far as to provide carriages for the more distinguished guests. These parties were called "assemblies" and were conducted by two floor managers. Imagine them, if you can, in powdered wigs and bright apparel, hat under arm, meeting each lady at the door and sweeping her onto the dance floor. Leading out the eldest lady present, or a bride, if there was one there, these gaudy gallivanters would start off the evenings festivities with a Grand March. About ten o'clock lunch was served, cold meat sandwiches, sangeree, lemonade and hot chocolate. If it was a holiday, or some other special occasion, lunch would be postponed until eleven thirty, when the doors opened wide to the dining hall, and the dancers sat down to a feast of turkey, venison, or oysters. At quarter past twelve the dance would begin again and continue until dawn.

Some of our larger farm houses had dance halls built right in along the back of the second story. Most of them had "spring floors", too, and there people today who remember these floors and how easy it was to dance on them. They were not large halls. Just large enough for a couple of sets of dancers.

There were many itinerant fiddlers traveling through the region. Usually they traveled on foot, stopping at nightfall at the nearest farm house. Folks were always glad to see them, and in payment of their food and lodging for the night would only ask them to play a few tunes. This, the musicians were always willing to do, for it meant a gathering of all the neighbors for a kitchen junket.

The furniture would be cleared away from two three down stairs rooms. If it was summer, then the kitchen stove would be carried out into the shed, to make more room, and the fiddler would

stand in one corner of the biggest room and play for hours. Sometimes he would call for a milking stool, and getting up into the sink he would sit there in state and safety. Before the party was over he would ask for donations, and everybody there was supposed to contribute what ever he could afford.

These traveling fiddlers always knew the latest songs and ballads, and during a lull in the dancing would sing one or two of them. In the days before newspapers were commonplace this was the only way that out ancestors had of commorating any unusual event. Such songs as Fair Charlotte or Springfield Mountain, and dances like Hull's Victory are good examples. No junket was complete without its quota of tall tales or ghost stories, and here again, the itinerant minstrel had dozens on the tip of this tongue, and only wanted an audience and an opportunity to share them with anyone.

Huskings, raisings, sugaring-Offs, sheep shearing or weddings, all were occasions for dancing. Yes, and wakes, too, often saw a jig done by the friends of the deceased; not in joy at his passing, but in sorrow at his not being able to join in it.

In the old days certain tunes went with special dances, and nothing exasperates an old timer more than to hear a "wrong tune" played for a dance. The tempo was slower than that of today, This slower timing was needed because emphasis was placed on gracefulness and intricate foot work. Each figure required so many steps to execute it properly. Dancing was an art and not a romp or a wrestling match. Because of the slower tempo, the men could do all sorts of fancy balance steps-and did. Each of them prided himself on his own original step that suited his temperament. This was his own private property, and woe betide any luckless individual who attempted a corrupt version of it. Many times

have I heard the good dancers of yesterday say sarcastically, "do it right, or not at all."

Certain families of the region have always been known as good dancers or fiddlers. Some that come to mind quickly are the Taggarts of Temple and Peterboro, the Holmes family of Stoddard, the Dunns and Uptons of Nelson, the Otis Family of Hancock, Jeffreys of Walpole, the Barretts and Beedles of Keene, the Richardsons from several towns, Gowings of Dublin, Pages and Petts of Munsonville, and the Hastings and McClures of Sullivan. The list could go on and on. It seems as though every generation of these families has several members who are superlative dancers or fiddlers. From many of these families have also come some excellent callers, and from a few of them equally excellent teachers; for not every caller is a good teacher of dancing.

There are square dance halls in the region that are known from coast to coast. Notably in Nelson, Temple, Peterboro and Hancock. For the most part the region has a reputation for conducting orderly dances. A dance hall will always reflect the character of the owner, or the sponsors of the dance if it is a public place. The first Saturday in October sees the Monadnock Region Association's square dance festival with exhibiting teams from the best dancers in the area. Of late years, many of the churches are encouraging square dances in their parish halls, and from such a clean and wholesome atmosphere will come a generation of the best square dancers this section has ever seen. The Grange, too, has done much to keep square dancing alive, and whoever undertakes to write a history of this organization will have a great deal to say about square dancing.

Another reason for its popularity in this region is because most of us believe more in practicing democracy than in talking about it. And if square dancing is not democratic, then nothing is.

ODDS AND ENDS

Contrary to popular opinion, the Tarantella is not found in Northern Italy but is very typical of the south and of Sicily. The Tarantella varies in details in different regions, but it is always characterized by rapidity, lightness, and a spontaneity of movement. The form is rarely fixed, the dancers varying their figures according to their desires, and dancing until too exhausted to go on. The Tarantella Siciliano is typical of the remoter regions of Sicily and Calabria.

The first songs were war songs, designed to terrify the enemy. The first dances were war dances. It was only when people had a little security, and security meant a home and a garden, that young men danced for their girls, and mothers invented the lullaby.

The national dance of Hungary, the Csardas, takes its name from the Magyar word for a roadside inn.

Ever hear of a "wooden shoe violin"? The original wooden shoe violins were made in Sweden. In southern Sweden to be exact, in the province of Scania, in the sixteenth century. Only a very few of these original violins exist today, and only one museum in the world possesses one--the Museum of Musical History in Stockholm. Since many poor people could not afford to buy a regular violin, they simply took one of their shoes and made one. As a matter of fact many of the best Swedish folk melodies have been composed on these wooden shoe violins.

The Gaida, the real and original bagpipe of the Balkan countries, is known to have existed since the fifth century B.C. It was allegedly brought to the British Isles by the Thracian legions of Rome.

CONTRY DANCE

The Opera Reel



The Dance

Regular contry dance formation for as many as wish. First, fourth, seventh, etc. couples start.

Active couples down the outside and back

Active couples down the center and back

Cast off, and reel partners

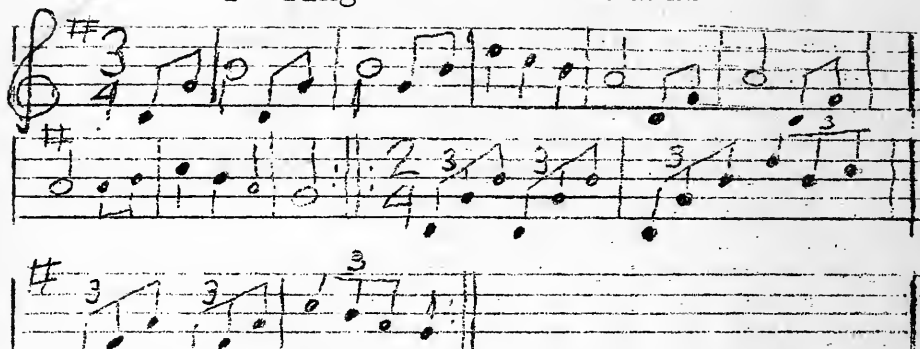
Reel below, reel partners, reel above

Active couples balance and swing partners

The reel sequence is the tricky part of this dance. Active couples reel each other by the right arm. Then the active man reels the second lady below in the set, then his partner with the right arm, then the lady above by the left arm. His partner reels the opposite gent at the same time. All of this takes but eight measures of music, so you see you must get on the ball and keep moving. No matter how much you may love the ladies in the set, you will turn the whole dance into chaos set to music if you persist in reeling more than two bars of music with each lady. The balance and swing coming immediately after all this reeling is double assurance that you will get your money's worth by the time the dance is ended.

To Ting

Danish



Formation: Couple dance. Partners stand side by side, gentleman on the left of his partner. The inside hands are joined, the outside hands are placed ON THE HIPS.

First figure: Measures 1-4. Open waltz, starting with outside foot (man's left, lady's right). Waltz forward two waltz steps, turning slightly away from each other on the first step and toward each other on the second, extending joined hands forward on first step and backward on the second. Repeat each step: Meas. 5-8. Couples take ordinary waltz position and waltz four steps, clockwise, and dancing counter clockwise around the room. Meas. 1-8, repeated: Do all the above steps again. Second figure: Meas. 9-12. Partners place outside hands on hips, inside hands joined, all walk forward four steps in line of direction, beginning with outside foot. (man's left, lady's right). Meas. 13-16. Man takes lady's waist with both hands, she places both hands on his shoulders. Turn four walking or pivot steps, clockwise. Repeat all of second figure. Whole dance is repeated as many times as desired.

This is one of the easiest folk dances to do. Remember to keep the free hand on hip at all times. Don't wave it aimlessly around in the air. There is a place for it, and that place is ON YOUR HIP.

FOLK SONG

This is a real lumberjack song and one of the best we ever heard. To enjoy it most, the verse should be sung as a solo, and the chorus by everybody within hearing. Don't worry too much about whether or not you can carry a tune; the old time lumberjacks didn't. They just leaned back on the "deacon seat", tipped their heads toward the ceiling and roared their approval so it could be heard four miles away against the wind.

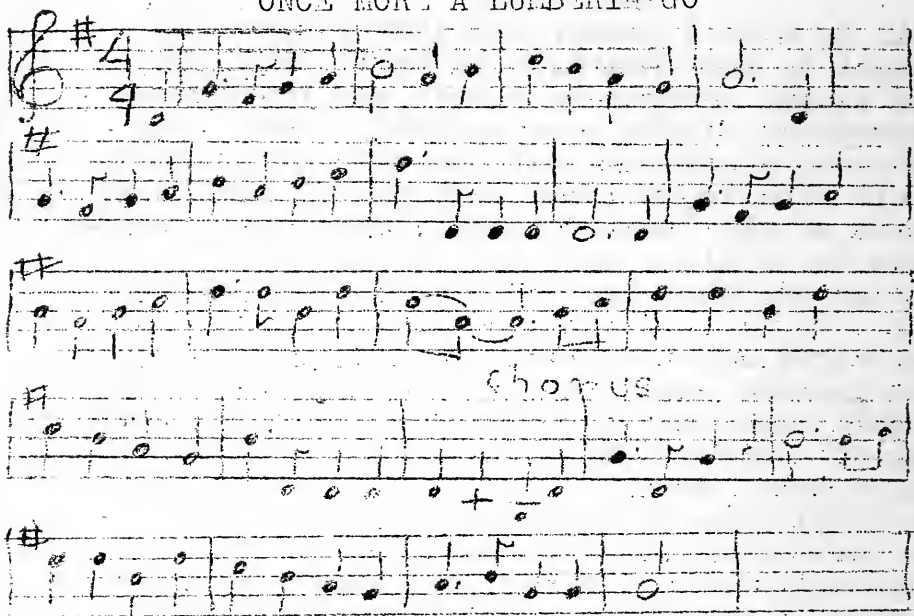
The right accompaniment for the soloist is a dozen fellows honing their axes with oilstones, and half that many exercising a file along the teeth of cross-cut saws. The spine tingling creak is guaranteed to put the most soulful tenor in fine fettle. The right atmosphere would be a room dark blue with tobacco smoke, heated to a suffocating heat by a big wood stove securely anchored to the floor to keep the draft from drawing it up the chimney. Over this heater should be several clothes lines, thickly festooned with wet, fragrant socks and pants drying out against the next days' work.

Outside, the temperature should be at least 20 below zero, Cold enough for full grown trees to crack open with a snap like a flash cracker.

Occasionally, during the solo part, should be heard the not too muttered imprecations in French Canadian patois, concerning the love life and parentage of a certain hemlock knot that had gouged out a half inch hole in some lumberman's axe.

Turn the page and you will find the tune and some words to go with it, and whether you have the right atmosphere and accompaniment or not, just rear back, open your mouth, and by the Holy Old Mackinaw SING IT.

ONCE MORE A LUMBERIN'GO



Come all ye sons of freedom
 From the gallant state of Maine,
 Come all ye bold young lumberjacks,
 And listen to my strain.
 Up on the wild Penobscot,
 Where the rapid waters flow,
 We'll range the wild woods over
 And once more a lumberin'go
 chorus

And once more a lumberin'go
 We will range the wild woods over
 And once more a lumberin'go.

You may talk about your farmers,
 Your houses and fine ways,
 And pity us poor shanty boys
 While dashing in your sleighs;
 While round a good campfire at night
 We'll sing while the cold winds blow,
 And we'll range the wild woods over
 And once more a lumberin'go. chorus --

With our axes and our cross-cut saws
 We'll make the woods resound,
 And many a tall and stately tree
 Comes tumblin' to the ground.
 With our axes on our shoulders,
 And a good knee deep in snow,
 We will range the wild woods over
 And once more a lumberin' go. chorus --

When navigation opens,
 And the rivers run so free,
 We'll drive the logs to Bangor
 Then haste our girls to see.
 They'll welcome our returning,
 For we'll in money flow;
 We will stay with them through summer
 And once more a lumberin' go. chorus --
 And once more a lumberin' go.
 And we'll stay with them through summer
 And once more a lumberin' go.

When our youthful days are ended,
 And our stories getting long,
 We'll take us each a little wife
 And settle on a farm.
 We'll have enough to eat and drink,
 Contented we will go;
 And we'll tell our wives of our hard times
 And no more a lumberin' go. chorus --
 And no more a lumberin' go.
 We'll tell our wives of our hard times
 And no more a lumberin' go.

"Songs of the Michigan Lumberjacks" by E.C. Beck has an excellent version of this song. Whether heard in Maine or Michigan, the tune will be pretty much the same. The words may differ, for you'd hardly expect to hear a man from Michigan singing about driving logs down to Bangor. Neither, if you were in Maine, would you expect to drive them to Saginaw. Not even in a song you wouldn't.

WHAT IS FOLKLORE?

Folklore is the word used to identify certain traditions, beliefs and customs, which exist among the common people of a land. It has many variations and endless shadings of meaning and thought.

One of the charms of folklore lies in its picturesque figures of speech and sly amusement. It deserves not an extravagant, but surely a generous part in our pleasure and knowledge seeking minds. "Le Roi Dagobert", an old song of many, many years ago, is surely not a Ninth Symphony, but countless people have found pleasure in singing it. Money Musk is just as surely not a Pavlova's Swan's dance, yet thousands have enjoyed dancing it.

For the same reason, many of the old customs and ways that have brought pleasure and hope, joy and sadness, are equally worth recording. Not as great literature, perhaps, but for the pleasurable memories they revive. Within the circle of all human society, there exist old beliefs, old customs, old memories, which are relics of an unrecorded past. All of which introduce us to the study of what has conveniently been called Folklore.

Our ancestors spoke a picturesque language. They used to say that "fish and visitors smell after three days". And "they'll make you twice glad." That is, if a visit was too much prolonged, you'd be glad to see them come and twice as glad to see them go. They often spoke of people as being as "queer as Dick's hatband," which went half way round and tucked in at both ends. A nervous man was said to be as "nervous as a chicken with his head cut off," or hopping around "like a pea in a hot spider."

Here are some other sayings that used to be commonplace around New Hampshire:

"Has a head like a tack.

Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

As thick as flies round a vinegar jug.
 Busy as a pup scratching fleas.
 Talks faster than a dog can trot.
 Ain't got the brains of a louse.
 As uneasy as a puppy on a hot rock.
 Beat the devil around the bush."

And some similar ones from Maine.

"He's as tall as a hay-pole.

Throw it as far as you can throw a cat by
 the tail.

Here today, gone tomorrow, and back next week.
 May as well eat the devil as drink his broth
 Drawn through seven cities and beat with a
 soot bag.

As much conscience as a snake has hips.
 As two faced as a double bitted axe.
 A disposition like a cross-cut saw.
 Haphazard as a goose flies by moonlight.
 Laugh at a stink and cry at a smell.
 Fits like a slap in the face.
 Blue as a whetstone.

Sour as swill.

Purple as a damson.

Old as Methusaleh's goat.

As full of the devil as an egg is of meat.
 Don't amount to a tinker's dam."

And while they were not particularly superstitious, they had a wealth of sayings about signs and omens, good and bad:

"Get out of bed on the wrong side and every
 thing goes bad all day long.

Cut your finger nails on Sunday, and you will
 do something to be ashamed of before
 the week is out.

Dream of fire, you will hear some hasty news.
 Dream of a white horse, you will hear of a
 death in the family.

Saturday night dreamed, Sunday morning told,
 will surely come to pass before the
 week is old.

Sing before breakfast, cry before supper.
 Kill a spider, bad luck.

A hole in your stocking means a letter at
at the post office

Make a wish over your left shoulder at the
new moon on the first night it is out and
your wish will come true, unless you see
it through trees, and then you'll have
very bad luck."

"And here is a never failing butter rhyme:

"Come butter, come,
Come butter, come,
Peter and Paul are at the gate
Waiting for a butter cake.
Come butter, come,
Come butter, come.

They had the following to say about the
colors of a bride's dress:

"Married in white, you have chosen all right.
Married in gray, you will go far away.
Married in black, you'll wish yourself back.
Married in red, you'll wish yourself dead.
Married in green, ashamed to be seen.
Married in blue, he'll always be true.
Married in pearl, you'll live in a whirl.
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow.
Married in brown, you will live out of town.
Married in pink, your spirit will sink."

Before the days of automobiles it was a
common thing to find a horseshoe. Then, you
should hang it over the door for good luck. Or
you could spit on it and make a wish while
throwing it over your left shoulder; if you did
this, the wish was sure to come true. But it was
considered very bad luck to face a new moon:
"Moon in the face, open disgrace."

They said that "pork killed in the old
of the moon shrivels away in cooking; it must
always be butchered on the new moon." Here are
other sayings:

"Clip your little girl's hair, or your old
mans whiskers on the new of the moon,
to insure a luxuriant growth.
Kill a spider, kill a friend.

If when washing your dishes you wet the stomacher of your dress, you will marry a drunkard.

If you see a spider spinning down, it is a sign of rain.

If you sing before you eat, you will cry before you sleep.

A rooster crowing by the front door means that company is coming."

A couple of my mother's favorites were: "Great times and nobody to 'em," and "blessed be nothing," also "there's enough, such as it is, and it's good enough, 'less there's more."

Come spring and we would always look hopefully at Mount Monadnock, for it was well known that "it won't warm up 'til the snow's off the mountain, and it won't go off 'til it warms up." You will go crazy trying to figure that out.

As a boy in New Hampshire we always heard and used the expression "gallus" when speaking of suspenders. Even that last term has been prettied up and the well dressed man now wears "braces". But in our youth they were "galluses" and until recently, we believed that the word was of honest, though perhaps of colloquial vintage; worthy at least, of honorable mention in the bulky word tomes of today. But it is not there. What has happened to it? Has it fallen afoul of some Highminded Horace or a lexicographer and doomed to be cast aside and ignored by future generations?

An old hermit once told us this: "if Candlemas day be bright and clear, all old men wish their wives on the bier." This must have been handed down from very ancient times, when, if the weather was fair, men wished their wives dead because of the trouble it would be to support them the rest of the winter.

And finally, here is a planting rhyme: "One for the cutworm, one for the crow, one for the blackbird, and three to grow."

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF SOUTH STODDARD

In the old cemetery at South Stoddard, N.H. there are three soldiers' graves. Two are for the sons of Henry Stevens and are so marked. The third has but a simple government marker with the inscription "U.S. Soldier." Since his name and regiment are unknown, some family waited long and anxiously for his return.

He died at Fort Schyler, New York, and by some mistake was dressed in the clothes of Henry Stevens, and his body sent to New Hampshire. He was buried by the Stevens family as their son and relative. Imagine their horror three days later when they received word that Henry Stevens had died at Fort Schyler, and his body was being shipped home for burial beside the unknown soldier who had been listed as Henry Stevens. The ward master had reported the same man twice.

On the boat going to Fort Schyler, Henry Stevens had made a dying request to a nurse that his body be sent home to Stoddard for burial in the family lot. The other man had died from exhaustion on the way from the boat to the hospital.

Nothing else is known of this tragic case of mistaken identity. It is possible that both of their names were Henry Stevens, and the mix-up was a matter of regiments and companies. At any rate he was given a careful burial and his grave may be visited with the same reverence as the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. Each year at Memorial Day, his grave is marked by a small American flag, and a red geranium is set by the headstone, as is the custom in marking all graves of Civil War veterans.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE WITCH STORY

Where folks believe in witches,witches are
When they don't believe,there ain't none
This was one of Uncle's favorites. there.

On one of the back roads out of Meredith Center there once lived an old woman,Mrs.Truelove.(That was not her real name,but as Uncle used to say,"'t will do well enough") She was not especially popular with her neighbors,for she had the habit of borrowing too much, and never thought to return a favor with one in kind.One morning Mrs.Truelove came to the home of Mrs."A"(and Uncle explained,"that warn't HER name either)to beg some butter.Now Mrs A- had had many dealings with this borrowing neighbor and was heartily tired of it,and she refused to let Mrs.Truelove have any.Thus rebuffed, the latter ran from the house muttering threateningly,"You better have some."

The next time that Mrs A- churned she pounded the dash up and down in the old churn for hours.She said all the "butter charms" that she knew,and it amounted to nothing.The cream was still as thin as the minute she poured it into the churn.

Finally,in despair she said,"Mrs.Truelove, if you're in that churn you better be getting out." And going to the fireplace she took a hook from the crane and threw it onto the fire, and when it was red hot,dropped it into the churn.The butter soon came.

That afternoon one of Mrs.Truelove's children came running to the house,saying:"Mother is dreadfully sick.Won't you come and help us?"

The old woman was beyond all help and soon died.The neighbors who cared for her said that she died of a horrible burn on the side of her neck in the shape of a crane hook.

THIS AND THAT

To the credit of many immigrants to the United States must go dozens of achievements which small in themselves, have contributed enormously in the aggregate to the advance of the country along cultural and economic lines. It is not generally known that foreign-born or second generation Americans were responsible in the United States for:

The first sugar refinery, which was built and successfully operated in New Orleans in 1791 by Antonio Mendez, a Spanish American.

The first vineyard, which was cultivated on 630 acres of land outside Lexington, Ky. in 1798 by James Dufour, a Swiss immigrant.

The first type foundry, which was established in Germantown, Pa. in 1771 by Christopher Sauer, son of a German immigrant.

The first water pumping station for municipal use was built in Bethlehem, Pa. in 1755 by Hans Christopher Christiansen, a Swedish American.

The first factory for the manufacture of brick-roofing tile was built in 1735 in Montgomery County, Pa. by a German immigrant named Huster.

The first glass to be made in America was blown by Polish and German glass blowers imported to Jamestown, Va. in 1608.

Three times a year are the meadows white,

White with a charming grace;

In winter time, in daisy time,

And the time of the Queen Anne's lace!

Would you dare to say which is loveliest

Of those veils on a meadow's face-

When the daisies blow, or the star-dust snow,

Or the bridal of Queen Anne's lace?

Virginia Grilley

In "Riders of the Plagues" by James A. Tobey we read. "Italy was smitten by a malady similar to the dancing disease of Belgium and Germany though it was thought to be due to the bite of the tarantula. It was actually a mental aberration, but the name tarentella is still used for certain dances in that country, though the epidemics subsided in the 17th century. A temporary flare-up of the same thing was the carnag-nole of the French Revolution, and primitive peoples still have their hysterical dances such as the tiretier of Abyssinia.

In Hesse, when a suitor is served eggs and sausages at a meal, he knows he is accepted; but cheese by itself means he is rejected. In Silesia, the man requests a light for his tobacco, but if he is told there is none it means that he is not wanted. *

Excessive talk
Makes dancers squawk

Brendan Glen, 28 year old dancing teacher of Londonderry, Northern Ireland, hopes soon to be dancing his way across America. The young Ulsterman has composed several set-dances in his home country and is going to the United States hoping to popularize Irish step dances among Irish exiles there.

No man, savage or civilized, enjoys having his sincerity belittled by critical observers. It is a basic law and must be recognized by all students of mankind. A good way to commit suicide is to fo folklore hunting and ignore this principle. Just because a man is not tuned to sophistication is no sign that he is lacking in native intelligence.

A man with a stunted sense of relative values or lack of sincerity has no place on folklore trails.

***** FESTIVAL *****

The International Institute of Boston celebrated its twenty fifth year of service with a Mardi Gras Silver Jubilee Ball in the Imperial Ballroom of the Hotel Statler the evening of February 8, 1949. There was general dancing to the music of Jacques Renard and his Orchestra 8 to 10, then the following program was presented: Armenian dancers; Arabic dancer; Greek songs; Latin Americana dancers; Bavarian orchestra; Estonian dance; North American folk songs; American Square dances. first by a group from the YWCA, then later joined by the Boston Krakowianki Club and the Swedish Folk Dance Club of Boston; then, joined by all who wished to form a set; finale: the Swedish set led a hambo, the Polish set a polka, the Bavarian group a waltz medley, and the Armenian group Dari Lolo. In the foyer, the committee had set up a "Patisserie Internationale". Here, one could procure epicurean delicacies characteristic of many lands, Albanian, Armenian, Chinese, Danish, Greek, Israeli, Italian, Lithuanian, Polish, Portuguese, Syrian, and International, all of which were served by ladies in traditional costumes at attractively arranged tables.

The Institute is doing good work in proving that most of the prejudices and animosities of the world are manufactured, and are not the natural reactions of the people. If one despairs of world peace, let him visit the Institute at 190 Beacon St. and observe for himself.

Miss Patricia Parmalee, activities director, of the Institute, reports an open house party every Sunday evening, and International dancing led by E. Eddy Nadel every Thursday night.

*** * *** *

Syracuse University Festival

Sponsored by the Syracuse University Outing Club, and directed by Alan Draper, there was recently presented the first song and dance festival in the history of Syracuse University. The following groups presented exhibitions: Cornell Folk Dance Group; Intercollegiate Zionist Federation of America Song and Dance Group Phys. Ed. Dept. of Syracuse U.; International Student group of S.U.; Syracuse Boys Club; Syracuse University Outing Club.

Some of the material presented consisted of American Square and contra dances; English Yorkshire Square Eight; Yugoslavian Djacko Kolo; Lithuanian Kalvelis; dances of India, Israeli; Swedish hambo; Danish Seven Jumps; Scottish the Dashing White Sergeant; and English Newcastle.

Two folk singers, Barbara Walzer and Bob Ehle sang: Saturday Night, Jesse James, and Fire Ship.--Venezuela, Cruel Youth and Hulla-beloo-belay, respectively. There was also general folk singing led by Joan Gersony.

The evening closed with general dancing for all present.

*** * *** *

Norcoaggie Folk Festival

Norfolk County Agricultural School, of Walpole, Mass. held their fifth annual folk festival in the Norwood Junior High School, March 11 1949 before a capacity audience. The school has a dance club of one hundred members. To the everlasting credit of the leaders-Mr & Mrs Elmore Ashman-the entire club participated in two of the numbers; Kolo and Tropanka. Far too often does a dance club sponsor a festival only to permit a select few to take part. Here it was different. Everybody had a chance to dance. Looking around the audience it was nice to see proud parental smiles at little Johnny or Mary participating in the program with the rest of the club. The following dances were

presented; American Squares-Butterfly Whirl, Crookrd Stovepipe, The rout, Three Ladies Chain, Sides Divide, Texas Medley-Two New England contras-Patronells and The Tempest, and the International dances: Kolo, Puttjenter, Stack of Barley, Old Man's Jig, Kohonochka, and Tropanka. Fiddle tunes were given by George and Bob Gulyassy, and Philip Jamoulis. Three of the squares were called by members of the club: Bob Brooks, Dudley Laufman and Bob Young. Mrs Beth McCullough was the accompanist at the piano for the entire program.

General dancing followed the exhibitions and this was led by Lawrence V. Loy of Amherst, Mass. State Recreation Specialist.

This was one of the nicest small festivals we have ever seen.

*** * *** *

RECREATION LEADERS FESTIVAL

The University of Massachusetts was host to several hundred recreation leaders March 18th. Closing the conference that evening with a folk festival the following groups participated: Norcoaggies; Heymakers of U. of Mass; Amherst Square Dancers; and the Durham Reelers from the University of New Hampshire. Thses groups did respectively Texas Medley, Puttjenter, Patronella Kentucky Running Set, Texas Star, Left Hand Lady Under; Scottish Eightsome Reel, Cumberland Square Flamborough Sword Dance.

Norcoaggies led the audience in Tropanka; the Heymakers led with Spanish Circle; and the Durham Reelers led a Highland Schottisch.

The festival committee were fortunate in obtaining the services of Gladys and Kenneth Custance of Boston, who gave a masterly performance on the Irish Harps.

Budd Whitaker, U. of M. sang; Jesse James, the Hunters of Kentucky, and Cowboys Lament in excellent style, and Doric Alviani led general singing. The festival closed with general dancing led by Lawrence V. Loy.

BOOK REVIEWS

Honor Your Partner. By Ed Durlacher. 286 pp. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$7.50.

This is a good book. If you can afford it, buy it. If you can't afford it, then go without something until you can. It should be of invaluable service to the harassed teachers in our secondary schools; who, more often than not, have to use material of doubtful sources written for a catch-penny trade by authors having but a meager knowledge of the subject. Here is practically a whole course in Square Dancing; at least as far as quadrilles are concerned. It is possible to open the book to any dance and acquire a fair idea of what it is all about.

There are minute details for eighty one dances, and each dance is presented as if it were the only dance in the book. There are sixty four pages of visual instruction, and by flipping the pages motion picture style one can see twenty three of square dances basic and fundamental figures in action. For the life of me, I don't see how it is humanly possible to go wrong in interpreting the pictures or the descriptions. But since the world is full of people who do not know their right ear from their left hand this thought is probably mere wishful thinking.

The publisher's blurb says that this is the square dance book to end all square dance books, which you can set down to sheer idle prattle and hopeful whistling in the dark. Ed Durlacher never intended it to be such a book.

Every physical education teacher, every recreation specialist, every square dance teacher, ought to have this book. And having it, they should study it and profit by it. If they do not; then they are neglecting their art, and deserve to be ridden out of town on a rail.

Folk Dances of the United States and Mexico by Anne Schley Duggan, Jeannette Schlottmann, and Abbie Rutledge. 159 pp. New York. A.S. Barnes and Co. \$3.00.

Phooie! Save your money. This book is NOT a good buy. Too much space is devoted to geographical, historical, and sociological background material (55pp.) and not enough to the dances.

No new material is offered in the American section, and I take exception to the ladies description of figures in the two New England dances: Sicilian Circle and Hull's Victory.

Partners All-Places All. by Miriam H. Kirkell and Irma K. Schaffnit. 129 pp. New York. E.P. Dutton & Company. \$3.95.

This is a good usable book containing forty four dances: including seven international folk dances. The choice of dances is excellent, and the descriptions are given in a clear understandable manner. It is definitely a good buy.

It is very evident that the authors are dancers as well as teachers. It is likewise evident that they like to every dance in the book.

If you are looking for a book to use to start your group in square dancing - this is it. It fills a particular need of simple dances to be danced for fun. The drawings are clever without being cursed with "quaintness."

The opinions expressed in these book reviews are the opinions of the reviewer, and are by no means to be construed as the "gospel truth." You have a right to your opinion and the reviewer has a right to his leave it that way. Meanwhile, good reading and good dancing.

Sincerely yours,

Ralph Page

INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC COUNCIL

The current issue of the Journal of American Folklore contains an interesting account of the first meeting of the General Conference of the International Folk Music Council, held in Basel Switzerland last September, where the following business was acted upon favorably.

Adoption of a constitution, discussion of the publication of a journal, plans for future festivals, the next conference in Montreal, 1950, creation of a bureau of information, and the issuance of a manual for collectors.

It is the hope of the Council that many problems will be resolved through the various activities of this international group.

Inquiries concerning membership in the Council, and the many services of the organization should be directed to the Secretary, Miss Maud Karpeles, 26 Warwick Road, London, S.W.5, England.

Two of the articles of the constitution are of more than passing interest to folk dancers and folk singers. 1. "The name of the organization shall be the International Folk Music Council. It is understood that the term 'Folk Music' includes Folk Song and Folk Dance. 4.-- Functions. The functions with which the Council will concern itself shall include: (a) The organization and encouragement of International Festivals and Conferences of Folk Music. (b) The establishment of a bureau of information, and the circulation and exchange of information by means of publication. (c) The survey of the folk music of all countries. (d) The creation of international archives of folk music, and the encouragement of existing archives, both national and international. (e) The exchange of lecturers dancers singers and instrumentalists, and of films, records, etc. (f) Encouragement of film and radio performances of authentic folk music.

THE TOWN CRIER

Married: Feb. 12, 1949. Miss Margaret Herlihy and Henry Ahearn at the St. Mary of the Annunciation Church in Cambridge, Mass. This is one more square dance romance. Both are very active in the Appalachian Mountain Club as well as many square dance groups around Boston.

Ed Durlacher, Freeport, Long Island, is calling for two monthly square dances this winter at the Hempstead Armory, alternate Saturday nights. A new feature at these parties is Mr. Fred Franz who leads the gathering in folk dances which are put on during the intermissions between the squares.

Square dancers in and around Concord, N.H. have organized a club known as The Merrimac Valley Square Dance Association with the following people serving as officers: Dr. Warren H. Butterfield, v.p. Dr. Thomas A. Ritzman, pres. Mrs F. Howard Taggart, sec. J. Howard Silva, treas. The purpose of the club is to promote interest and ability in square dancing, and they will hold one large monthly dance with well known callers in charge. Anyone in the valley who wishes to be on the club's mailing list may do so by contacting any of the above officers.

Dick Best is leading weekly square dances at the Cambridge, Mass. YWCA Thursday nights. Dick is one of the better young callers developed in the Boston area.

Orchids to Mr. & Mrs. Barney Priest of Nashua N.H. who drive in to the Boston YWCA parties nearly every Tuesday night, and have done so for over three years, summer and winter, good weather and bad.

A new square dance group has been started at the Unitarian Church in Portsmouth, N.H. It meets every Tuesday night under the leadership of Dr. J. Howard Schultz, assistant professor of English at the University of New Hampshire.

The Fifth Annual New England Folk Festival will be held at the YWCA, 140 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass. April 23 & 24. Afternoon and evening performances each day. Plenty of audience participation. Squares, contras, folk dances, folk songs and a handicraft exhibit make this event well worth attending.

Newly elected officers of the Fitchburg, Mass. Quadrille Club are: Pres. Gilbert Brooks; Vice-pres: Kenneth Holbrook; Sec. Randall Doughty; Treas. Richard Engle; Executive Committee: James West, Elliott Buskey and Mrs. Kenneth Holbrook. Reports given at the annual meeting showed that the club had a highly successful year.

The Young Farmers and Homemakers of Middlesex County, Mass. recently held a well attended country dance festival in the Armory, Concord. The following groups demonstrated: Satucket Barn Dancers, Cambridge Y. C. A. group, Boxboro Square Dancers, Fitchburg Quadrille Club, and the Haynard Square Dancers. Charlie Baldwin, Bob Treyz, Lawrence Loy, Dick Best and Bob McGowan called for the general dancing during the evening. Excellent music for the festival was furnished by Charlie Baldwin's Orchestra.

The Catholic Youth Order of Keene, N. H. have sponsored a series of square dance classes this winter. The group was led by Mr. & Mrs. William Norton, and Paul & Fred Loiselle. This was their first teaching experience, but they did a nice job and a great deal of enthusiasm was developed. The club held two open parties for the general public under the local musician's union transcription fund. The second party was held the night of a howling blizzard, but it takes more than a snow storm to keep square dancers home, and this party had a bigger attendance than the previous one.

The Belmont Country Dancers are meeting for their eleventh successful year in Payson Hall.

Rick holden, Tufts '47, is now teaching square dances for the Recreation Department of San Antonio, Texas.

Al Brundage, formerly of Danbury, Conn. and one of the top callers of New England, has built a big barn in nearby Stepny, Conn. and is holding a weekly square dance party every Saturday night.

Gene Gowing, National Director of Folkways is in Florida, leading square dances in many of the clubs and hotels. This is his second year in the south, and he reports a growing interest in this kind of recreation.

Orville "Pop" Smith, Winsted, Conn. is leading a series of highly successful square dances in the Armory, Pittsfield, Mass. each Saturday night.

Faculty members of the Scully School in Concord, N.H. are sponsoring a series of square dance lessons for several groups ranging in age from 3rd and 4th graders to adults. Their original aim was to have just a few sets, but so much enthusiasm developed that over two hundred people, young and old, are now attending classes regularly.

The YMCU, Boylston St. Boston, is holding a series of square dances alternate Saturday nights. They report a very complimentary attendance. No regular leader, but a different guest caller for each party.

One of the most colorful square dance groups in New England is the one that meets every Tuesday at the YWCA, 140 Clarendon St. Boston. Ralph Page is starting his sixth year as leader of the group.

Visitors to the many folk dance groups in the Boston area are amazed at the ability of three young fiddlers. Walter Lob, prof. of physics at North eastern, and George and Bob Gulyassy, students at Tufts, are living proof that one does not need to be a gray bearded grandfather in order to be an excellent fiddler. These young men are the best we have ever heard, anywhere, any time.

CALENDER OF DANCES

Alternate Mondays-Worcester, Mass. YMCA
Every Tuesday-YWCA, 140 Clarendon St. Boston
Every Thursday-Int'l Inst. Beacon St. Boston
" " YWCA, Cambridge, Mass.
1st & 3rd Thursdays-Belmont, Mass.
2nd & 4th " Unitarian Church, Keene, N.H.
Fridays-Sargent College, Cambridge, Mass.
Alternate Fridays-Chesterfield, N.H.
Every Saturday-Temple, N.H.
Alternate Saturdays-Peterboro, N.H.
" " YMCU, Boston, Mass.
This is far from being a complete calender.
Let us know your favorite square and folk
dance events so we may list them monthly.

DON'T FORGET

Fifth Annual New England Folk Festival,
YWCA, 140 Clarendon St. Boston, Mass. Two days,
April 23rd & 24th, 1948. Afternoon and even-
ing performances by New England's best folk
dancers. Every state represented. Plenty of
audience participation. Handicraft exhibits.
This is a MUST event for all dancers in the
Northeastern States.

NORTHERN JUNKET, April, 1949, Monthly, Vol. I,
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